MARVEL

FALL OF X

016

EWING
ÇINAR
BLEE

X-MEN RED

PLUS, A SSENSATIONAL
SUNSPOT & SHARK-GIRL
TEAM-UP
BY DRACCON, MUNHÓZ, COSTA AND SOBREIRO!

SPACE. ON APPROACH VECTOR FOR PLANET ARAKKO.

Leaving warp now. Estimate thirty minutes to *Port Prometheus.*

So, Craig-- when you *joined* NASA, did you ever picture yourself ferrying *mercenaries* to a war on *Mars?*

Sorry-- *Arakko,* I should call it now...

We should. But...*no,* Dr. Corbeau, I can't say I saw *any* of this coming.

Everything I'd ever *theorized* about growing crops on a *terraformed world...* thanks to *Ororo* and the *X-Men,* I got to *do* it.

And I thought that was *all* I came to do. Just...*science.* Like if things got crazy, I'd just grab a shuttle home--I wouldn't *pick a side.*

It was still *Mars* to me then--but *now*...now it's *Arakko.*

"And Arakko has a way of making things *personal.*"

...

So! *Children!* I hear your home was *destroyed horrifically* and everyone you ever loved is *dead!*

But *take heart!* The Prince of Power *knows how you feel!*

My planet was *likewise* annihilated in a battle with a *fearsome villain!*

Granted, it was *I* who did the *annihilating...*

But they say *'tis the thought that counts!*

And as I'd given it *no thought at all,* it therefore *doesn't count--*

Prince.

Shut up, okay?

They're just *kids.*

Glorp, I can't take you *anywhere...*

Do you have something to *paint* with?

Uh, nothing high-tech.

Got a pad and marker I keep for *emergencies...*

That's perfect.

I paint *truth,* you see. It's my *mutant gift.*

Ink can be paint. Paper can be canvas.

Truth is always truth.

There.

Kobb, was it?

I *do* know how you feel, Kobb.

I hope this *helps.* I...

...I hope it's useful in your ***fight.***

Yes.

Thank you.

Kobb...?

It--it has been *months...!*

Wait, Kobb *spoke?*

And I *missed* it. Bad news on bad news...

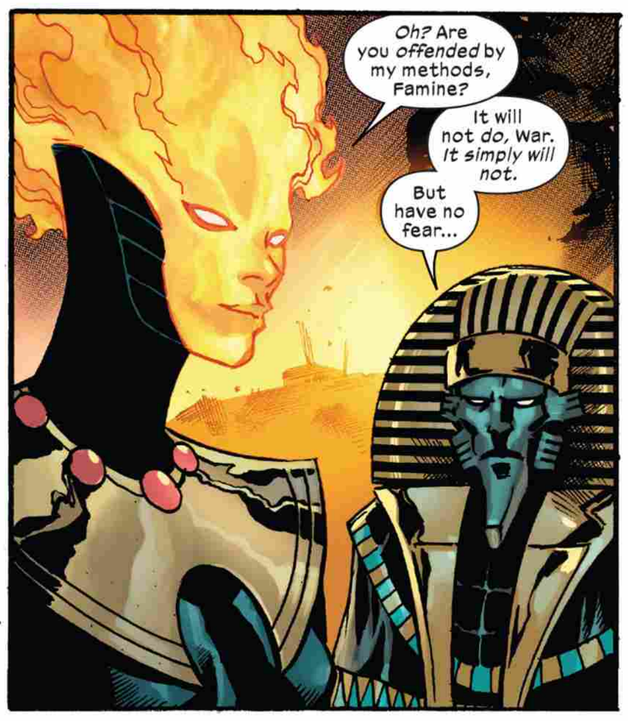
Folks--we just got word from ***Peepers.*** We're changing course for the ***Keep***--we won't be able to make Port Prometheus today.

...

Why ***not,*** Craig of NASA?

"Because there *is* no Port Prometheus."
Behold! I *command*--and *fuel ignites!* Steel and stone blaze like kindling! The fire of War *burns*--
--and the Tower falls!

There. *My* part is done...
And it makes a fine *crematorium, Sister.* But I wonder--*have they earned this funeral pyre?* Is the burning way to the halls of death not reserved for *warriors?*
All *I* see in the flames are *traders and diplomats--small salesmen of meager stock...*



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FALL OF X-MEN RED

WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO WIN?

Arakko is at war. Genesis, with her Annihilation Staff, has been leading a campaign of destruction against Storm and her band of rebels, who are determined to protect the emerging Arakkii acceptance of a more peaceful way of life.

So far, Storm and her team have managed to fend off Genesis' forces on the battlefield -- but with the arrival of Genesis' children, the Four Horsemen, can they manage to stem the tide -- or will they find themselves swept away by a new wave of violence?

1___[STORM]
2___[SUNSPOT]
3___[FISHER KING]
4___[SYZYA OF ___THE SMOKE]
5___[LODUS LOGOS]
6___[IRONFIRE]
7___[KOBAK ___NEVER-HELD]
8___[NOVA]
9___[GENESIS]
10__[WAR]
11__[DEATH]
12__[PESTILENCE]
13__[FAMINE]

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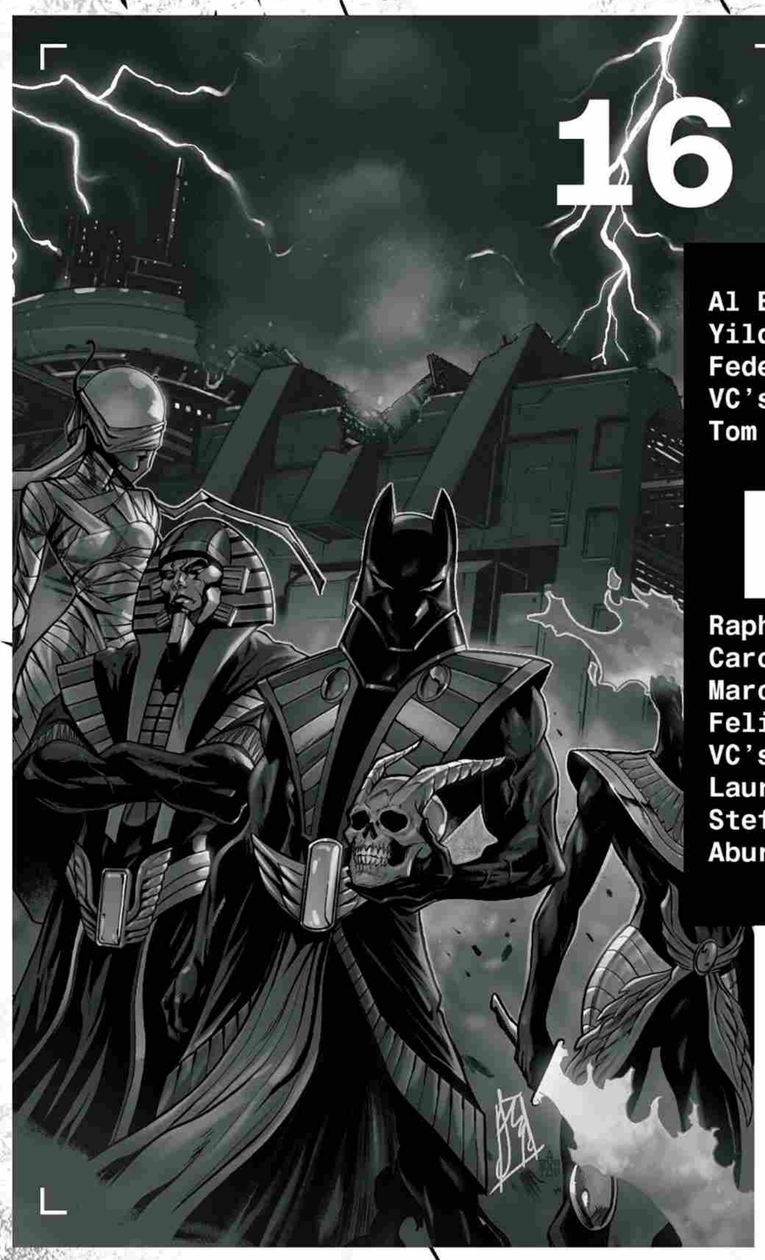

X-MEN RED

16 "THE FALL OF PROMETHEUS"

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[red____16]

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[_____X]

Lodus! Fisher King!

Anyone! This place is burning to the ground--

Here!

Syzya of the Smoke...?

Fisher's with **Roberto**--and **Lodus** is already fighting *outside,* if he hasn't been killed. The word is to get to the far riverbank and *regroup.*

Have you seen anyone *alive* here?

So far, only *I.* But there's no flame that can burn *my* skin.

With your power, you could help me find *others*--

Ask me in a moment.

There's something I have to *do* first.

Something Roberto locked away for *safe-keeping.*

Right after ***Judgment Day,*** Ororo entrusted the Night Seats to keep an *ultimate* weapon...

...the *Uranos* trigger.

The New History of Arakko

Chapter MCXII

*When the Eternals proposed gifting the **Uranos Trigger** to Arakko -- as their apology for the massacre of the Arakkii at Uranos' own hands -- it became a matter of debate for the Great Ring.*

*The concept was simple -- a teleport trigger similar to the one **Druig**, the Enemy of Arakko, had used to bring Uranos to the planet in the first place. Uranos would arrive at some designated point when horror and carnage was desired, an hour later, he would leave, and in the time between, he would simply be himself, with all his resources. For Uranos was the self-appointed grandfather to Thanos himself, and operated under his own interpretation of the Eternal Principles -- an icy philosophy of **All-Death** that would spare none in its wake.*

*The decision of whether to accept or reject the peace offering did not come easily. For an enemy to offer the Arakkii **help** -- and the help of the very being who had attempted genocide upon them, at that -- could certainly be seen as grave insult piled on top of grievous injury.*

*But it was agreed -- **after many wounds were aired and much pain was spoken aloud** -- that no insult was meant, that the Eternals had done their best to make a sincere gesture of contrition within the confines of their Celestial programming. Besides, if Eternals were to be the Enemy, then they would have to be destroyed -- and an Eternal could not be truly destroyed without also destroying the machine that was Earth.*

Lactuca, in her quiet sing-song, made her position on that very clear indeed.

*The Trigger would be accepted in the spirit it was meant, then -- though it would not be left in the Great Ring's possession, as a guard against the temptation to use it frivolously or for personal glory. Instead, it would be entrusted to the **Night Seats**.*

There were also certain safety protocols in place on the Eternal side. The Trigger could not be activated simply with the press of a button or the input of a code -- it was thought-activated, and more, the thought that activated it was a full understanding of what activation meant.

*Thus, the Uranos Trigger could not simply be **pulled** like the trigger of a gun.*

*It had to be **agreed** to.*

And if there was ever a time to *use* it, it's--

NOW?

Sooner than I *thought*, then.

I *see* you, Syzya of the Smoke. I *hear* you. And you do *indeed* hold the *ultimate weapon* in your hand.

You hold ***Uranos the Eternal,*** who is *living destruction*-- and you hold every *death weapon* I have ever crafted.

Yours to loose upon your world for an ***entire hour...***

Speak the word and that hour *begins,* Syzya. The ***killing*** begins--if you only *ask.*

Only ask...

Syzya?

Syzya!

Unnh!

You were... somewhere *else*. And now...now I think we must both be *anywhere* else.

Did you say ***Uranos*** trigger? What *is* that weapon...?

...

Death, Kobak.

Death that walks.

"This is a *nightmare*."

They just rode in through the gate and *decimated* us. It's *chaos* down there.

We were too *cocky*-- no, ***I've*** been too cocky, too *arrogant*. I didn't plan *ahead* enough--didn't see it ***coming--***

Didn't see the *gala* coming--

Damn it, where the hell is ***Storm--***

Somewhere in the smoke and the demons. I don't know.

I don't know where *Khora* is either-- my own ***daughter.*** But we *focus*, Roberto. Do you *understand* me?

We *focus*, and we save *who* we can...

Not enough. It won't be *enough.*

Every death here is on me.

It's okay! I've *got* this!

The fires are under *control*--

Nova!

O Great Kly'bn, be with us now...

...in the hour of the *end*...

You have sculpted a thing of *great beauty*, Famine.

Thank you.

So *many*, when they hear my name and what it promises, think of *drought and desert*.

They lick dry lips, and they wish for cool water...

...not thinking of the *horrors* water can bring.

The flood.

The ***raging torrent*** that falls upon *prosperity*...

...and washes it *clean*.

Sweeping away *safety, stability,* every last *seed* and *stick* and speck of *soil*...all the ***comforts*** the weak cling to...

Gone...

...leaving only the *drowned corpse of hope*.

How right you are, War.

Is there a greater beauty in this world?

SHRAKKROOM

Thank you, Famine.

Today, you showed me *who you are*. And you showed what *mercy* to you brings--*even a second of it.*

There will be no more.

No. No, there will *not.*

Who are *you* to challenge us, Weather Witch?

You are the spawn of the *powerless*--we are the children of *Arakko's greatest power!* ***The Kings and Queens of this world!***

We are the *true Omegas*--

--and we know our worth!

When the Annihilation Helm took Genesis, you did not side with your mother. *You sided with the helm.*

So ***I*** know your worth too.

And *battle* between Omega-level mutants has *never* been a matter of ***power,*** little flame.

KLIK

It's all about *versatility.*

I *am* the weather.

I am *pressure* and *temperature*. I am *wind*...

...and I am *whirlwind*.

I am *many things*, War.

You are *one* thing.

You are *fire*.

What are you when the fire leaves?

Ororo!

My siblings are *downed*--but not ***dead***, not yet. I can *feel* the spark in them both... *flickering*, not *gone*. You cannot ***fool*** me, Ororo.

There is *still* mercy in you. *You are not Death.*

And I am.

I *challenge* you, beauty. The Storm against the End--*at our full strength.*

Our *last* ***dance.***

Good, Brother.

Good boy.

My people are dead and dying. The people I swore to *lead*-- to *protect*.

Children are dead and dying, child of Apocalypse.

Do you think your rules can still apply?

...

They have to.

Or what was this *for*?

Oh, Brother dear. After all this time, don't you *see?*

Pestilence...?

Rules are made by the winners.

THUKK

Richard!

WHUOO

Suh-saw her. Too late. Arrow in flight.

Up to *me*. Up...

Up to...

Don't try to talk, Richard. Just...just stay *with* me. *Please.*

I'll fly you *out* of here--

NO.

The plague spreads by *touch*-- and kills by *pain*. Only ***I*** can survive it.

Sister...you ***interfered.***

Grow up, Little Brother.

You'd only have *lost*-- ***again***--out of your misplaced ***puppy love.***

Don't you see? These customs, these *traditions*-- they exist to serve *us*. She's the ***enemy.***

And on Arakko, we *destroy* our enemies-- ***no matter who they are...***

...

Yes.

No matter who they are.

Goodbye, my sister.

...
Death...

She *interfered*-- that was a challenge by insult. And she... she said such things meant *nothing.*

She was *wrong.*

She has to be.

Ororo!

Syzya. Thank the bright lady--you're *alive.*

What's the *evacuation status...?*

Some got out. Thank Okkara, the enemy are taking *prisoners*--Genesis wants subjects and servants.

Those who can still *fight*--a ***fraction*** of our strength--are falling back toward the *Morrowlands*.

And I need to give ***this*** to you.

It *has* to be you. You're the ***Seat of Loss.***

And I can't listen to him anymore.

We meet again, Ororo Munroe.

I've been *watching* your situation. So I won't preamble.

It is as I told ***Syzya***--*release* me and, within my hour of freedom, I will *end your war...*

...by ***ending every single life on this planet*** that is not of your faction.

The trigger is in your hands. The choice is yours.

Choose.

The New History of Arakko

Chapter MCXIII

This was the choice. And Uranos knew it.

Port Prometheus was gone. The Arakkii under Ororo's banner were in a fighting retreat or already dead, and many mutants of Earth with them -- those who were not slaves of Genesis or in hiding under Isca's rumored protection.

With a single thought, a single acceptance, Ororo could turn that tide -- release Uranos upon Arakko Prime once again, to kill and kill and kill until once again that Living Island was a comatose field of spilled blood and sundered bones.

He would end Genesis' threat -- or, if she survived or even triumphed, he would leave her weakened, easy prey for a sneak attack.

All Ororo had to do was accept it. What was the alternative?

*Could she place her lofty principles above the people she had sworn to fight for and alongside? She had made the decision to stay, to give her all to this place, to fight **here** -- because she owed Arakko an obligation, and because this fight was a fight for all mutantkind. If Genesis and her ally Annihilation won, Arakko would become a collection of pawns playing her and Orchis' war games for all time. The whole planet would become a prison.*

That could never be the choice. So this was the choice:

She was an Omega mutant, with the weather of the world at her command. She had shown mercy many times... but if she chose, that mercy could end. If she allowed herself to let go... if she let the darkness free, the anger she could feel building in her heart, the pain at what Genesis had caused this world... she would not need someone else to sweep Arakko clean.

This was the choice. And Uranos knew it.

She could release him...

...or she could do it herself.

THE AUTUMN LANDS.

ONCE HOME TO THE AUTUMN PALACE.

Here?

Dead, *lifeless rock--* but with a *sun* caged below it. *Imprisoned, abandoned.* A useful *ingredient.*

And with the **Storm** coming to meet us...for where else can she turn?

Yes. **Here.**

Here we will remake the world.

KRAKOA is for all MUTANTS

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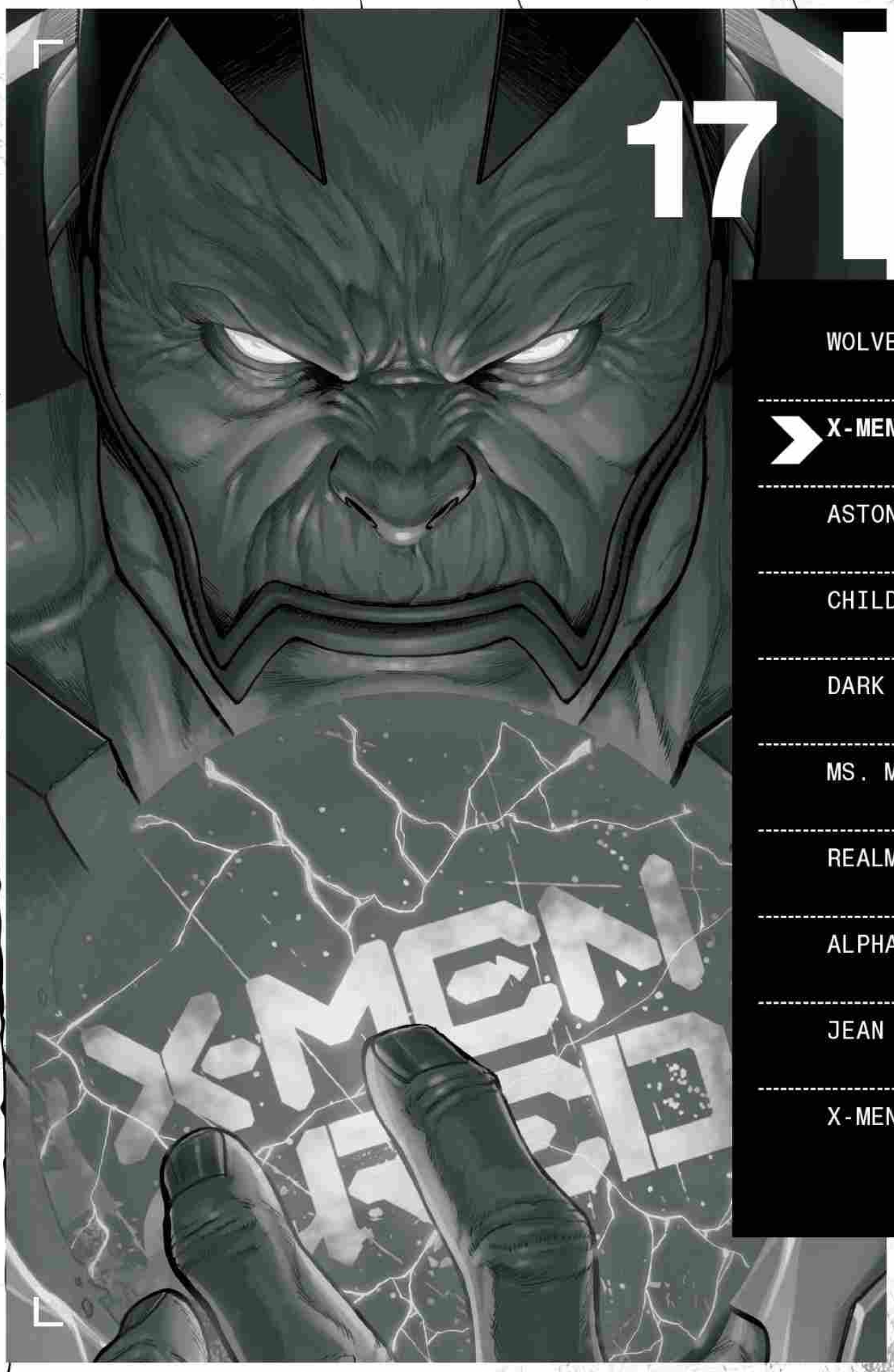
FOLLOW THE FALL:



WOLVERINE #38

X-MEN RED #16

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #3

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #3

DARK X-MEN #3

MS. MARVEL: THE NEW MUTANT #3

REALM OF X #3

ALPHA FLIGHT #3

JEAN GREY #3

X-MEN #28

[x-men_16]
[red___16]

The *Isle of Snakes.* Home to the rare and deadly jararaca pit viper whose venom's worth a fortune.

Legends say *demon snakes* guard a pirate treasure here.

Disappearances stalk Brazil's coast. Fishermen vanishing. My friends whisper legends, stir rumors back home. At first I came here just to see if those stories were real...

...but now we're here to see if these legends are actually *murdering* fishermen.

This takes place before the X-MEN HELLFIRE GALA #1 (2023) -- Editorial.

"SCALES & SHADOWS"

And I brought the perfect backup to help investigate.

Found more bodies among the shipwrecks, Beto. This place gives me the creeps--maybe the snakes mutated and evolved!

Evolved to drown sailors and take down ships?

Dude, anything's possible--I'm a *shark*-girl.

No bites on 'em. Something weird's happening here. Let's search this *crazy* island.

Oh God, I *hate* snakes!

I thought you'd be cool. You know, since you got *fast-healing* abilities and can *control* them...

Roberto, I like *FISH, NOT* snakes! And I got *marine* telepathy, not *animal* telepathy! I can only control *sea* creatures!

But... then *why'd* you come here?

'Cause I always wanted to meet the *famous Sunspot!*

And you sounded like you needed a *fin.*

...

That was clever.

Thank you. I think it even deserves *churrasco*!*

*Delicious Brazilian barbecue!

This one's neck is busted. The other's just pulverized.
You figured that out under-water?
Yeah, plus I could smell heavy ***chemicals*** on them. Toxic stuff.
The Brazilian Navy reported the fishermen were killed by snake ***venom.***
But I'm picking up concentrated traces of ***industrial*** toxins. This doesn't add up.
It makes me think that--
AAAAAAHHHH!
WHAT?
HOLY MOLY! Look at the size of that beast!
OUCH! %#&@$!
I told you!!! ***I HATE SNAKES!!!***
Okay. What's the plan, ***hot stuff?***
The plan is... ***Iara,*** you ***really*** okay? Do you need a ***hospital*** or...
Hey, ***fast-healing,*** remember?
The plan's simple. Something ***freaky's*** happening here. You search the water, I'll take the air.
Not much of a plan, but okay.
By the way, there is a snake coming for you.
Wait, really?!
Just kidding!
NOT funny, Shark-Girl! Not funny!

The tides and currents around here are ***weird.*** I think something's ***redirecting*** the water flow underground.

See how the water gets sucked down into these rocks? There must be an underground ***cave*** system here.

If my nose is right, something else is poisoning the men. And as we haven't found anything suspicious on land, I bet it must be in those caves.

In other words, into the belly of the beast.

Wow! Look at those Tolkien-level carved snakes! If the legends about a mythical ***treasure*** on this island hold true, it's got to be hidden there.

I still prefer ***churrasco.***

Caves...shipwrecks... snakes. Could the legend be true? A hidden treasure guarded by snakes. Were the ***victims*** after it?

You are here to serve the ***Serpent God,*** whether you like it or not. Offer your body to the higher power which will bless the chosen with strength beyond imagination!

Good heavens!

Who's the *carnivalesque?*

From what I recall of the X-Men reports, that's probably ***King Cobra's*** nephew, ***Piet Voorhees.***

For real? What's his villain name?

Uh, ***King Cobra.***

Some royalty.

Not even close. Actually, the ***Serpent Society*** works more like...

"...an evil cult."

Yes! Be stronger! Be better! Be mine!

"That chalice had the jararaca venom and the chemicals I smelled before."

GRRRR

HRK

But now I smell *something* else...

Oh no, no, no!

"...hot blood!"

No! Shark-Girl, stop! ***WAIT!***

Who dares interrupt the great *rebirth?*

From what hellish *realm* came this demon?

The official name is *Recife!*

And from our view...

...*you're* the demon here.

GRR...come on, Iara, get it together. Remember what Angel taught you--just don't eat people.

Just *don't* eat people!

KRAK

SIZZLE

Some X-Men? Can't say I'm surprised. You guys still fight for the *wrong* side!

Says the man dressed as a snake.

I'm blessed by the Serpent God, mutant! You can't lay a finger on me--and once the Serpent God accepts these sacrifices, I'll be his favorite!

All right, no divine powers on my end, but I've got a couple of *tricks* up my sleeve too!

For example, metabolizing solar energy and converting it into thermal energy until I become a *human furnace!*

Perfect for human *solar batteries,* a nightmare for *cold-blooded* creeps.

No...too hot...can't focus...

Sssssmokin'!

Dang, *Gambit* would have a way cooler line here. Like "Too hot to handle!"

I'll punch up your *banter* next time.

Appreciate it! Knew you were the right pick.

Turning sailors into guinea pigs, Cobra? Some family issues gone wild here.

Those were no sailors. They were ***poachers*** after the snake's venom! I ***protected*** this island!

True, jararaca venom is prized on the black market.

Still no hero! He was poisoning the guys!

A little while later...

I'll take Piet and the others to the authorities.

But, evil cult aside, King Cobra was right that the snakes here really do need protection from ***poaching.***

There are better ways to do that...

"***...The legends*** keep most raiders away, but some still try poaching this place. The snakes won't survive much longer."

Thought you ***hated*** snakes.

Told ya, I'm a shark-girl. I can be ***fishy*** like that.

So, are we really doing this?

Later that evening...

Fishermen approach in search of venom for the black market.

Que diabos é isso?

AAARGH!

RAARGH!

‹Spread the word. The *legends* are true. *Snake Demons* and a *Shark-Monster* guard this island.›*

‹Defying them will be more perilous than any venom found here.›

*Translated from Portuguese.

‹Row faster! We need to get out of here!›

‹Did you see that *shadow snake?* And that *shark monster?* This place is *cursed!*›

‹The *legends* are *true!* No shipment of snakes is worth this!›

Think our little act will work?

Absolutely. Tales here spread like wildfire. Soon, a new legend will be born--the *famous* Shark-Monster!

Great! Adding "Monster" to my résumé. Thank you for that!

Well, I can pay you in *churrasco!*

NOW WE'RE TALKING!

The End.

KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA